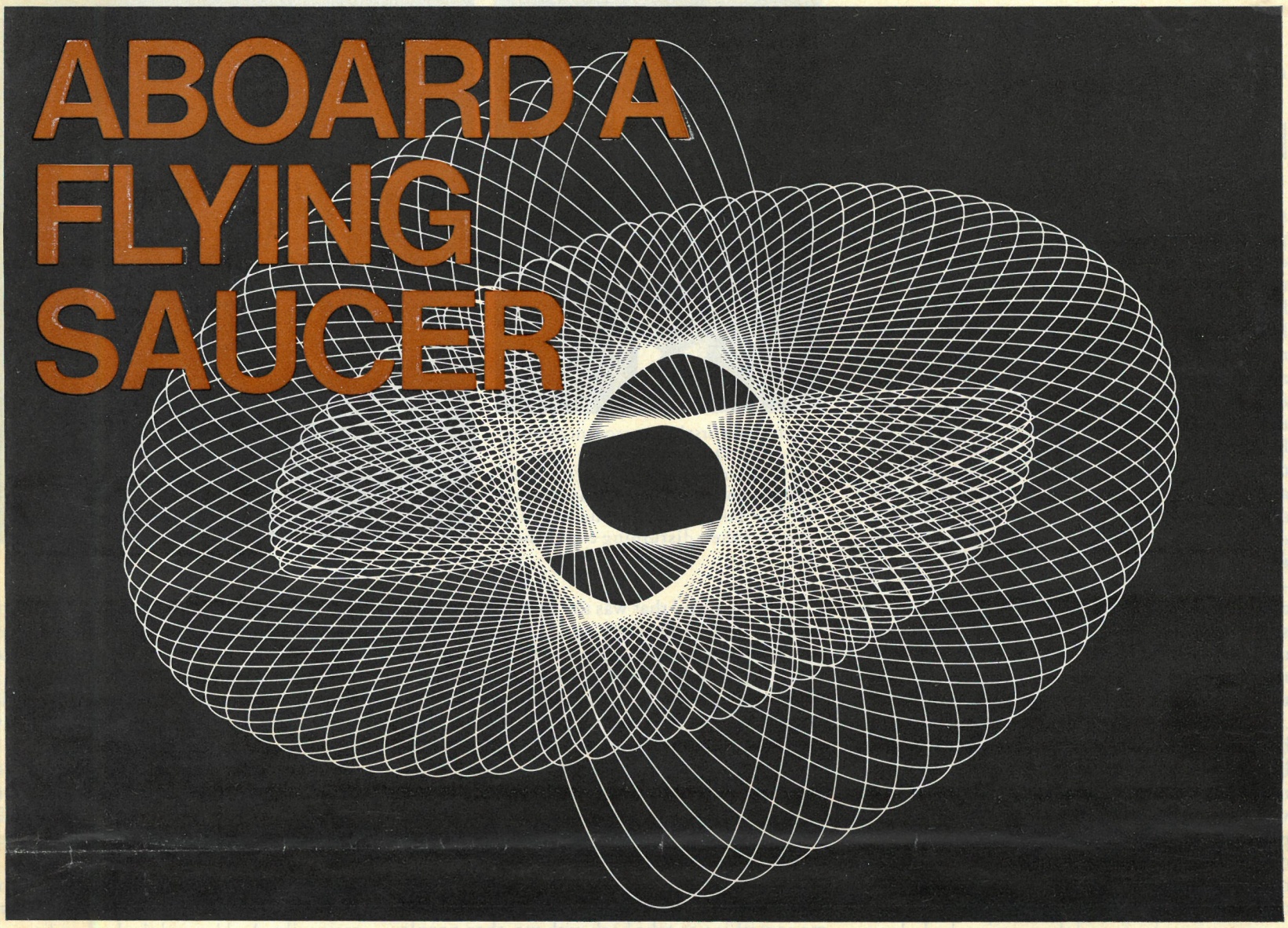

Part Two: An "abducted" woman describes her incredible experience

BY JOHN G. FULLER

RETURNING FROM a brief vacation in Canada in September, 1961, Barney and Betty Hill had a deeply disturbing experience that they could remember only vaguely. They had sighted what may have been an Unidentified Flying Object that seemed to be following their car. Their anxiety about the incident led them to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist, on December 14, 1963. Because of the cloudiness of the Hills' conscious recollection of the episode, Dr. Simon decided to use regression under hypnosis in the hope that this would help them reconstruct the event more clearly. He also decided to tape-record these sessions for later study and reference.

During World War II, Dr. Simon, as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center, had extensive experience with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

Barney Hill, who is a Negro, told of the journey from the Canadian border to their home in Portsmouth, N. H., and described a glowing UFO that seemed to follow them during part of their trip. Under hypnosis, he recreated the scene in much greater detail, and added an incident he had not mentioned during the earlier interview. The low-flying UFO had descended, Hill told the doctor, and humanoid creatures had then blocked the road. They had "abducted" him and carried him aboard the UFO for a strange physical examination. After several sessions with Barney, Dr. Simon decided to question Betty Hill, who is white, under hypnosis the following week.

Within the first moments of her trance, Betty Hill told a story that was remarkably similar to the one Dr. Simon had heard from her husband. After she and Barney made a number of stops in an attempt to observe the object more clearly, she said, they reached a point in the road where she saw "men standing in the highway . . . and these men started to come up to the car. . . . They came in two groups. . . ." At that point, "a kind of daze" overcame her.

The men took them both from the car, she said. ". . . And I turn around, and I say: 'Barney! Wake up!' . . . And he doesn't pay any attention. He keeps walking."

One of the men walking beside Betty said: "Don't be afraid. We're not going to harm you."

DOCTOR: These men spoke good English?

BETTY: Only one spoke. . . . He had sort of a foreign accent. . . . We kept walking, and we came to a clearing. . . . The object was on the ground. . . . I think it was the same one I had been watching in the sky. . . . And they're taking me up to the object. I didn't want to go on it. The man beside me says to go on. . . . So he and one of the others each take my arms. . . . I go inside, and there's a corridor. We go up the corridor, and there's a room. . . . I turn around, and I'm waiting for them to bring Barney in. But they lead Barney right past the door where I'm standing. I said: What are you doing with Barney? Bring him in here where I am. And the man said: No, we only have equipment enough in one room to do one person at a time. And if we took you both in the same room, it would take too long. . . . Another man comes in. . . . I think he's a doctor. . . . They push up the sleeve of my dress, and they look at my arm . . . and then they turn my arm over, and they look at the underside. . . . And they rub, they have a machine . . . it's something like a microscope, only a microscope with a big lens. . . . I had an idea they were taking a picture of my skin. . . . And then they took something like a letter opener—only it wasn't—and they scraped my arm. . . . And there was like little —you know—how your skin gets dry and flaky sometimes, like little particles of skin? And they took a piece of cellophane or plastic or

continued

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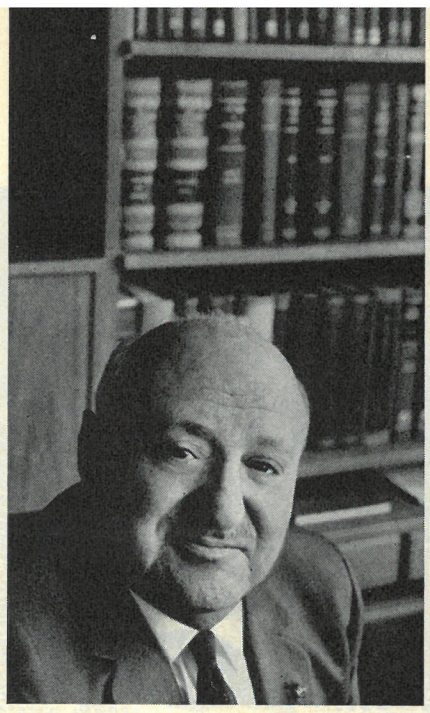
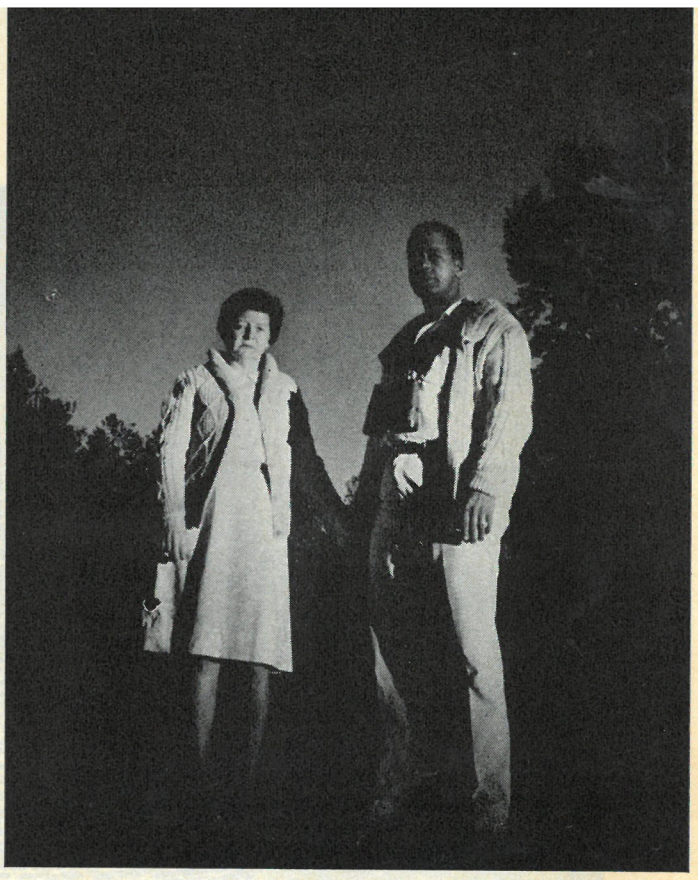
"They" seem puzzled by time and aging





Bothered at first by the account given by the Hills, Dr. Simon (above) was convinced after a few sessions that they were telling him the truth as they understood it. The Hills (right) stand near the scene of their disturbing experience.

something like that, and they scraped, and they put the flakes on this plastic. . . . And the leader of the group puts it in the top drawer. And then they put my head . . . in this thing that holds your head. . . . And the examiner opens my eyes and looks into them with a light, and he opens my mouth, and he looks in my throat and my teeth and in my ears. . . . And then he takes like a—oh, a swab—and he puts it in my left ear, and he puts this on another piece of this material. And the leader rolls it all up and puts it in the top drawer too. Then they take a couple of strands of my hair, and they pull it out, and he gives this to the leader, and he wraps that up and puts that in the top drawer. . . . And then he feels my neck, behind my ears, under my chin, around my collar bone, and —oh—and then they take off my shoes and look at my feet and at my hands. . . . And he takes something, and he goes underneath my fingernail, and then he . . . cut off a piece of my fingernail. And then the doctor, the examiner, tells me to take off my dress . . . and so I slip my dress off. . . . I lie down on the table, on my back, and he brings over this—oh, how can I describe it? They're like needles, a whole cluster of needles, and each needle has a wire going from it. . . . They touch me with the needles. . . . It doesn't hurt at all. . . . He puts it on my knee, and my leg jumps. And then on my foot too. He did it around my ankle. And then they have me roll over on my stomach and they touch all along my back. . . . Then they roll me over on my back, and the examiner had a long needle in his hand. . . . And I ask him what he's going to do with it . . . and he said he just wants to put it in my navel, it's just a simple test. And I tell him, no, it will hurt, don't do it, don't do it. And I'm crying, and I'm telling him: It's hurting, it's hurting, take it out, take it out! And the leader comes over, and he puts his hand, rubs his hand in front of my eyes, and he says it will be all right, I won't feel it. . . . The pain goes away. But I'm sore from where they put that needle.

DOCTOR: Did they make any sexual advances to you?

BETTY: No. . . . I asked the leader, I said: Why did they put that needle into my navel? And he said it was a pregnancy test. I said I don't know what they expected, but that was no pregnancy test. And he didn't say any more. . . .

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop here now.

The Hills returned to the office for Betty's second session on March 14, 1964.

DOCTOR: About this needle. How far in did he inject the needle?

BETTY: Oh, it was a long needle. I don't know, I thought it—I didn't look, but I would say the needle was four inches long, six, maybe. . . . Something like a tube was attached to it. They didn't leave it in very long. Just for a second.

DOCTOR: What kind of pain was it?

BETTY: All I could think of was a knife. . . . Then, I was grateful to the leader for stopping the pain . . . then they said that was the end of the testing. And the leader helped me up. . . . I put my dress on. And I was going to zip it up, and he took hold of the zipper and zipped it up. And then—oh, I said: I can go now? I can go back to the car? And he said: Barney isn't ready yet. . . . He said that they were doing a few more tests with him, but he'd be right along in a minute. . . . I started talking with the leader. And I said to him that this had been quite an experience. . . . That no one would ever, ever believe me. . . . And that what I needed was some proof that this had really happened. He laughed and said what kind of proof did I want? . . . And I said, well, if he could give me something to take back with me, then people would believe it. And so he told me to look around and maybe I could find something I would like to take. And I did—and there wasn't much around—but on the cabinet, there was a book, a fairly big book . . . and I said: Could I have this? And he told me to look in the book, and I did. It had pages, it had writing, but nothing like I had ever seen before. . . . The writing didn't go across, it went up and down.

DOCTOR: Did it look like any language that you know or was it in English?

BETTY: No, it wasn't in English.

DOCTOR: What language do you know that goes up and down?

BETTY: I don't know it, but I can recognize it. I can't read it: Japanese.

DOCTOR: Japanese. Did this look like Japanese?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Was it writing or printing?

BETTY: It was different . . . it had sharp lines, and they were, some were very thin, and some were medium, and some were very heavy. It had some dots. It had straight lines and curved lines. And the leader laughed, and he asked me if I thought I could read it. And I told him no . . . but this was going to be my proof that this happened. . . . And so he said that I could have it. . . . And I was delighted. . . . And so then I said . . . I knew he wasn't from the earth, and I wanted to know where he did come from. And he asked me if I knew anything about the universe. And I told him, no, I know practically nothing. . . . And he went across the room and pulled out a map, and he asks me had I ever seen a map like this before. . . . There were all these dots on it, scattered all over it. Some were little, just pinpoints. And others were as big as a nickle. And there were lines . . . going from one dot to another. And there was one big circle, and it had a lot of lines coming out from it. A lot of lines going to another circle quite close, but not as big. And these were heavy lines. And I asked him what they meant. And he said that the heavy lines were trade routes. The other lines, the solid lines, were places they went occasionally. And he said the broken lines were expeditions. . . . I asked him where was his home port, and he said: Where are *you* on the map? I looked and laughed and said I don't know. So he said: If you don't know where you are, then there isn't any point of my telling where I am from. And he put the map away. . . . And I thought: Well, I still have the book. . . . All of a sudden, some men came in with the examiner. They are quite excited. . . . The examiner has me open my mouth, and he starts checking my teeth. And he tugs at them. I asked what they are trying to do. . . . The examiner says they could not figure it out—Barney's teeth came out and mine didn't. I was really laughing and said Barney had dentures, and I didn't. They asked me: What are dentures? And I said people as they got older lost their teeth. They go to a dentist and get dentures. Or a person sometimes—Barney had to have dentures because he had a mouth injury. He had to have his teeth extracted. . . . I said it happens to almost everyone as they get older. And he said: What is older? I said: Old age. So he said: What is old age? And I said—well it varied, but as a person gets older, there are changes in him, particularly physical. He begins to sort of break down with age. So he said, what did I mean by age? And I said the life span—the length of time people live. He said, how long was this? And I said, well, about 100 years at the most. People can die before that—most of them do. . . . I think the average length of time . . . I don't know . . . was 65 or 70. So he said, 65 or 70 what? I said: Years. He said: What is a year? And I said it had to do with how many days, and the days had so many hours,

and the hours had so many minutes. . . . I tried to explain, but he did not understand. . . . I said, all these things you ask me—I am a very limited person, when trying to talk to you. But there are other people in this country who would be most happy to talk with him, and they could answer all his questions. And maybe if he could come back, all his questions would have answers. But if he did, I wouldn't know where to meet him. And he laughed and said: Don't worry, if we decide to come back, we will be able to find you. We always find those we want to. . . . And then Barney is coming. . . . I hear the men out in the corridor. And I said: Barney's coming. And he said: Yes, you can go back to the car now. And I got the book, and Barney is coming . . . and his eyes are still shut! He missed an awful lot. . . . And then we are out in the corridor. . . . I am all ready to go down the ramp when some of the other men—not the leader, but some of the others—are talking. They are very excited. And then the leader comes over and takes my book. And I say—ohh—I'm furious. And I said: You promised that I could have the book! And he said: I know, but the others object. But, I said, this is my proof. And he said: That is the whole point. They don't want you to know what has happened. They want you to forget. . . .

Now, she speaks as if talking to the leader. She screams with intense emotion.

I won't forget about it! You can take the book, but you can never, never make me forget! . . . I'll remember it if it is the last thing I do! And he laughs and says: Maybe you will remember. But I hope you won't. And it won't do you any good if you do, because Barney won't. . . . It would be better if you forgot it anyway. I was standing there by the side of the ramp, and I'm not so mad now. They have taken Barney ahead. . . . I said: I do wish I could have some proof of this, because it is the most unbelievable thing that ever happened. We were walking and . . . he said: I am going to leave you here. . . . And he said he was sorry that I was badly frightened in the beginning. And I said, well, this has been a new experience, and I don't know what was happening. But I certainly wasn't afraid now. And then they all turned around and started to go back. And I get up to the car, and Barney is inside. Barney is still in a daze, but his eyes are open, and he is acting more normally now. . . . And the object starts glowing again—it is getting brighter and brighter. . . . Now, it rises and goes down, and there is a dip, and then—zoom—it keeps going away farther and farther. . . . And Barney starts the car, and we start to ride. And I'm just so happy, and I said: Well, Barney, now try to tell me that you don't believe in flying saucers. And Barney said: Oh, don't be ridiculous! And I think he is joking. But then, all of a sudden, we got this beep-beep-beep-beep-beep on the trunk of the car again.

DOCTOR: This is the second time you are getting the beep?

BETTY: Yes. And I said: Well, I guess that is their farewell. They are off, wherever they are going. And I don't know, it is just so fantastic I suppose we should forget all about it. . . . I kept looking all the way home. . . . I think I wanted to forget about it. I might as well. What could I do about it? But I wonder if they ever will come back. I go around looking for them. . . .

DOCTOR: Why would you want to keep it a secret?

BETTY: Because I wanted to please the leader, because he told me to forget about it.

DOCTOR: Why did you want to please this leader so much?

BETTY: I don't know. . . .

At the conclusion of Betty's story, the doctor brought Barney in and put him under hypnosis to check his account against Betty's version. In trance, Barney is now aboard the craft.

BARNEY: . . . I was afraid to open my eyes. I had been told *not* to open my eyes, and it would be over with quickly. But occasionally, I peeked. And I could feel them examining me with their hands. . . . They looked at my back, and I could feel them touching my skin right down my back. As if they were counting my spinal column. And I felt something touch right at the base of my spine. . . . And my mouth was opened, and I could feel two fingers pulling it back. And then . . . something scratched very lightly, like a stick, against my left arm. Only one man seemed to be moving around my body all the time. Then my shoes were put back on, and I stepped down. And I think I felt very good because I knew it was over. And again, I was led to the door where my feet kicked against this thing at the very bottom of the door, like a high doorjamb. And I stepped over it, and . . . I went down and opened my eyes and kept walking. And I saw my car, and the lights were out. . . . And I couldn't understand. I had not turned off the lights. I got in and felt for Delsey, the dog. . . . And Betty was coming down the road. . . .

DOCTOR: Was she alone?

BARNEY: She was alone. And she was grinning. . . . And she got into the car and said: Well, no one will believe this. . . . And I was thinking what had happened, and that we were sitting there, looking down the road, and I could see this glow get brighter and brighter. And we said: Oh, my God, not again. And away it went. And then I put on the lights and started the car up, and drove silently down the road.

DOCTOR: What did you say to Betty?

BARNEY: Betty said to me: Well, do you believe in flying saucers? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR: Did you tell her about your experience in this vehicle?

BARNEY: I had forgotten the experience.

Both Betty and Barney maintained, under the doctor's questioning, that their memories of the "abduction" were completely obscured after they left the vehicle. The doctor continued probing.

DOCTOR: Did she tell you about her experience?

BARNEY: No. She did not.

DOCTOR: Then neither of you spoke about your experience in the vehicle?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Why not?

BARNEY: I didn't remember it.

DOCTOR: I see. This memory had just been wiped out? Do you think that she had seen the vehicle?

BARNEY: I didn't know.

DOCTOR: And you don't know it today?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: All right, then. We'll stop there.

Dr. Simon had already decided that the Hills were not lying, and he felt it highly improbable that both were suffering so markedly similar hallucinations. He still wished to explore in detail the possibility that the experience they both described was an illusion—an elaboration of some far more limited actual experience.

After the first session with Barney, the doctor had assumed that Barney had all the illusions and fantasies and that Betty had absorbed them from him. But at the end of Betty's second trance, it appeared that the reverse of the doctor's initial assumption might be true. Dr. Simon reasoned that most of the things Barney told of experiencing in the "abduction" portion of the incident were also included in Betty's story. On the other hand, very little of Betty's "abduction" sequence was included in Barney's story. His recall of being taken through the woods was vaguer than hers. Betty's story of the examination aboard the craft was much more detailed than his.

If Dr. Simon's assumptions were correct, then the question of how Betty's dreams were absorbed by Barney would have to be carefully examined.

AT THE NEXT SESSION, March 21, 1964, the doctor talked with Barney on a conscious level before putting him into a trance. Barney told the doctor that for the first time in his life he had dreamed about UFOs, on three different nights during the past week. In the dreams, Barney was standing on the ground, looking at UFOs in the sky, and Betty was screaming about them.

DOCTOR: Betty had been troubled with dreams and nightmares?

Now, in trance. . . .

BARNEY: Yes. . . . She said that she had a dream, and that she had been taken aboard a UFO. And that I was also in her dream and was taken aboard.

DOCTOR: How did she tell you this?

BARNEY: Usually, when someone was visiting. . . . She would tell that she had gone into the UFO and talked to the people on board. And she was told that she would forget. And she told these people in the UFO that she would not forget. And I told her they were only dreams, and that I can't believe that, whatever these things are. But she says no. That somehow she feels there is a connection between these dreams and what happened. Because she has never dreamed of UFOs before. And she would tell that they stuck something in her navel. And she was not telling this to me, but I would be listening as she told this to Walter Webb, scientific adviser to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, as she told about the UFO sighting that we had had. . . .

DOCTOR: But she did tell you something about them?

continued

"Could she have planted these thoughts?" Dr. Simon asked Barney Hill.

BARNEY: Only that they had come into the room with my teeth, and they were quite startled that my teeth would come out and hers would not.

DOCTOR: How about the other things you described to me, about what happened to you when they were examining you. Did she tell you about that?

BARNEY: No. She never told me that. I was lying on the table, and I felt them examining me.

DOCTOR: Is this part of Betty's dream?

BARNEY: I am telling you what actually happened. At the time Betty was telling about her dream, I was very puzzled, because I never knew this happened. . . .

DOCTOR: Now, what about these men on the road? Are you sure they were there? . . . Did you dream this?

BARNEY: No. I did not dream it.

DOCTOR: You mean these men actually stopped you?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: All right. Go on from there.

BARNEY: And I started to get out of my car. And I felt myself supported by two men, and my eyes were closed. . . .

It was obvious to the doctor that Barney was going to stick to his previous story.

DOCTOR: Just a minute. Didn't Betty tell this to you while you were asleep?

BARNEY: No. Betty never told me this.

DOCTOR: How do you account for this? Do you think it really happened?

BARNEY: It did happen. I don't want to remember it. I suppose I won't remember it.

DOCTOR: Who told you you won't remember it?

BARNEY: I was told in my mind that I would forget that it happened. It was imprinted on my mind.

DOCTOR: Imprinted on your mind? Who told you?

BARNEY: I thought it was the man I saw looking down at me, and I was looking back at him. . . .

DOCTOR: You said before that you don't know what happened—but you also said that Betty told you a lot about what happened in her dream.

BARNEY: She told me about herself. I did not know about what happened to Betty on the highway, but I never believed her dreams.

DOCTOR: If you don't believe her dreams, why do you believe yours?

BARNEY: I never dreamed about UFOs until last Sunday. . . . I had them on Sunday night and on Tuesday night and on Wednesday night. And this is the first time I have ever dreamed of UFOs.

DOCTOR: You told me some time ago that you felt disassociated when you saw this UFO. What did you mean by that?

BARNEY: . . . As if I had my body moving, and yet my thinking was separate from it. . . . And I never experienced this feeling again until I was in your office. And you made a little doggy come into the room. And I got hypnotized, and it made it seem as if the little doggy was there.

He is referring to a test the doctor made with him.

DOCTOR: This was an hallucination then, was it?

BARNEY: That was an hallucination.

DOCTOR: Then, how about this story of being kidnapped? Couldn't that have been an hallucination too?

BARNEY: I wish I could think it was an hallucination. . . . I feel very sure it happened.

DOCTOR: Did these men speak to you?

BARNEY: Only the one I thought was the leader. . . . He did not speak by word. I was told what to do by his thoughts making my thoughts understand. . . .

DOCTOR: Was this some kind of mental telepathy?

BARNEY: I could understand his thoughts. His thoughts came to me, like I feel your thoughts—when you talk to me, that is. And I know you are there, and yet my eyes are closed. And you ask me questions. And I know you are there, but I don't know where. . . .

DOCTOR: Didn't Betty hypnotize you?

BARNEY: No. Betty did not hypnotize me. . . .

DOCTOR: Do you often sense her thoughts?

BARNEY: Yes, we sometimes do this. . . . We sometimes try to see if we can sense what the other is thinking. It's not too effective.

DOCTOR: Could she have planted all these thoughts about the UFO in your mind? You said that she wanted to hypnotize you.

BARNEY: I know Betty didn't hypnotize me. I wanted to think she had hypnotized me. I wanted to think that the object wasn't there. . . . And yet it kept staying and going down the highway with us. . . .

AT THE END of this trance, Barney said to Dr. Simon: "I'm puzzled. . . . I can remember things . . . about today's session that I couldn't remember about any session that we had."

DOCTOR: What do you remember now?

BARNEY: About the UFO sighting that I was talking about and—uh—certain things puzzled me that I could not quite understand. . . . We would talk about our sighting, and I would . . . come right up to the men in the craft turning to the panel. And I never could go further than that. But now I can almost see just what that fellow looked like that was looking down at me. . . . And when I said that he was going to capture me, uh, I used to remember that—but never could remember why I felt he was going to capture me. . . .

DOCTOR: Well, now, some strange things from here on out will occur to you as we go along. And you're going to become more and more conscious of what is going on in hypnosis.

Up to this time, neither Barney nor Betty had been allowed to recall what happened in the hypnosis sessions. But instructions from the doctor to permit this are now beginning to take effect. Barney is dismissed. Betty is brought back and put in trance.

DOCTOR: Now, your dreams—Were they the things that happened in this experience you thought you had? The dreams were of being placed aboard this vehicle?

BETTY: The dreams were something like it, but . . . there were still a lot of differences. . . . In my dreams, the last dream I had was of being captured. . . . I could see the men in the road, and then they were trying to pull me on to this object. And it seems as though in my dreams, I walked up some steps. Oh—and I dreamed of them putting a needle in my navel. I dreamed this. . . .

DOCTOR: Did Barney know? . . . Did you tell him about your dreams?

BETTY: I told him I had dreams. He wouldn't—he didn't like to hear about them. . . .

DOCTOR: Did you tell anyone these dreams in Barney's presence?

BETTY: I think he must have heard me talk about them.

DOCTOR: Didn't all these things that you feel happened—didn't they happen in your dreams? Couldn't this *all* have been in your dreams?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Why do you feel sure of that?

BETTY: Because of the discrepancies.

DOCTOR: Tell me about the discrepancies that make it clear that it couldn't have been your dreams.

BETTY: Well, I dreamed in my dreams I walked up steps. And here, I didn't walk up steps. I walked up a ramp.

DOCTOR: Is that a very significant difference, do you think?

BETTY: I don't know. . . . But the map—I could almost—in here . . . in here, I could almost draw it. If I could draw, I could draw the map. . . . I can't draw perspective.

DOCTOR: Well, if you remember some of this after you leave me, why don't you draw it. . . .

BETTY: I'll try to.

DOCTOR: How can you account in this experience for these men who seemed to speak our language and yet didn't know a lot of things about our lives. Like dentures? You felt they came from another world, didn't you?

BETTY: Ummm—yes.

DOCTOR: Did you feel that they could communicate with you in any other way than words? Were they able to transfer thoughts?

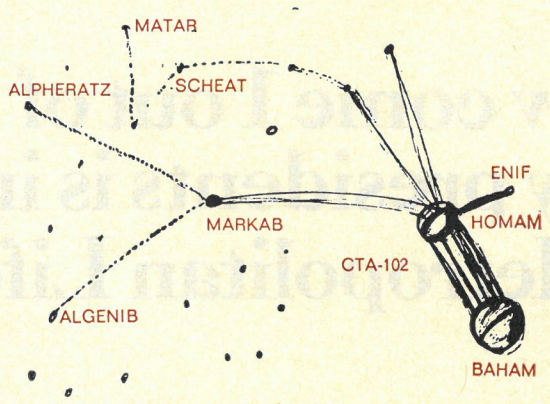
BETTY: I don't know about thoughts.

DOCTOR: Have you been able to transfer your thoughts to anyone or receive someone else's thoughts?

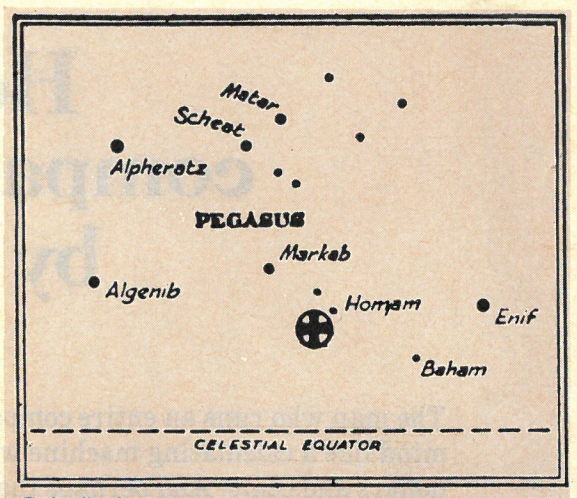
BETTY: Barney and I are always saying the same thing at the same time. That type of thing.

continued

Barney Hill, under hypnosis, drew the above sketch of the "leader" of the alleged abductors. Later, while he was listening to the tape recording of his own account of the incident, he seemed to go into a trancelike state, and drew the more finished sketch below. The eyes were elongated, he said, and the lips appeared to have no muscles.



Under hypnosis, Betty Hill described a map she was shown "by the leader aboard the ship." Later, she sketched it. She said she was told that the heavy lines marked regular trade routes, and the broken lines recorded various space expeditions. The following year, the map seen at right was published in the New York *Times*. (Note the caption.) Mrs. Hill, struck by the similarity between the *Times* map and her sketch, then added the corresponding names.



The New York Times April 13, 1965

FROM DEEP IN SPACE: Radio source called CTA-102 (cross), in direction of constellation Pegasus, may be sending intelligent radio emissions, Russian believes.

Hill has nightmares about the possible return of the UFO

DOCTOR: Well, do you communicate in any other ways? Could you have communicated all this to Barney through thought transference?

BETTY: No. I don't know as I could believe to that extent. Like, sometimes I used to have a teacher in college, and I would sit in the front row. . . . And I would think: Scratch your face, you know, scratch your leg. And then wait to see how long it would take him to do it.

DOCTOR: But you had no such communication between yourself and these strangers?

BETTY: I don't know if I did hear them in English. . . . I've been telling myself I heard them in English, with an accent. But I don't know.

DOCTOR: Well, did you hear them in any language? Or was it by thought transference?

BETTY: I knew what they were saying.

DOCTOR: You knew what they were thinking. You rather liked this leader, didn't you?

BETTY: I was afraid of him at first.

DOCTOR: But afterwards?

BETTY: I—you know—began to feel that they weren't going to harm me. . . .

After the Hills had left, the doctor dictated a brief summary: "There seem to be indications that a great deal of the experience was absorbed by Barney Hill from Betty, in spite of his insistence that this was his own. . . . The implications are self-evident, and it is planned now to continue these interviews at a more conscious level. Both of them appear to have been remembering more now after the sessions."

On March 28, Dr. Simon asked Betty: "Do you recall much of your experience now?"

BETTY: Yes, I think so. I've also had a couple of nightmares again. . . . And Barney's been having nightmares all week. He seems to be trying to figure this out: Are they going to come back?

DOCTOR: Are who going to come back?

BETTY (*Laughing*): The UFO. The people on it. We are quite convinced that they are going to come back and get us. . . . And I think this is because—because they had told us to forget about it. And we defied them by not forgetting about it. And he's feeling guilty, probably feeling that he deserves to be captured again. . . .

Barney was full of doubts and confusion as the recall of the sessions with Dr. Simon began to flood back to him. He revealed this on the morning of March 28.

BARNEY: I just can't seem to believe—well, I'm just flabbergasted. . . .

DOCTOR: Flabbergasted about what?

BARNEY: At what I remembered from our sessions last week . . . This business of seeing a UFO, an object, and personal contact with it seems to stretch my imagination as to the incredibility of the whole thing. I wanted to ask you: What are the elements, what are the chances of a person, uh, hallucinating something? I want to know the answers to these things. . . . I had never dreamed consciously of a UFO in my life until here recently. And I wanted to ask: Is it possible I could have dreamed of a UFO unconsciously and not have had—To clarify what I am saying: I have had many dreams over many periods of times of my life, and in many instances, I can't recall what I dreamed about. But I do know that it was along a certain particular line. If I had dreamed of being in Philadelphia, I would waken and forget the dream. But I would know that somehow that dream content was somewhere in Philadelphia, and I would not be totally unaware. But I had never, to my knowledge, dreamed of a UFO until recently. . . . Could I, after 1961, have dreamed of a UFO and then under hypnosis my dream is coming out?

DOCTOR: You're asking me could it have been a dream. . . . What do you think? Could it have been?

BARNEY: Well, now, in the truthful answer, trying now to not conceal my feelings of being ridiculed, I would say it was something that *happened*. But I - I - I put a protective coating on myself, because I don't want to be ridiculed. . . . I knew I saw a large object. I knew this, but I didn't think much of it.

DOCTOR: Well, you were pretty well convinced of having sighted something. But you have some doubts in mind about the rest. Of whether it was reality, or dream, or what it was. . . . Then, why would you and Betty have the same experience? Could you give me some possible explanation there?

BARNEY: Uh, these are the questions I'm asking. Could she have influenced me?

DOCTOR: Well, you were always afraid she would influence you, weren't you?

BARNEY: . . . When I was standing out there, I knew she *wasn't* influencing me. What I was thinking is that I would rather not talk about it. Okay, we see something, now let's get in our car and drive about our business. And this irritated me when she kept saying: But look, it's right over there. And even as I would slow down to take a peek, I would see this object out there. And this greatly irritated me. And so I said: What are you trying to do? Make me see something that isn't there? Knowing that it *was* there, and not wanting it to be there. And I think this is a part of why I'm confused. . . .

As the discussion continued, Barney brought up the fact that the small circle of warts that had developed in an almost geometrically perfect circle around his groin some four months after the incident at Indian Head had become inflamed after his therapy with Dr. Simon had begun. As the conscious memory of what he had revealed under hypnosis came back to him, he became aware of the recollection that in the examination on the craft, a circular instrument had been placed at exactly the same point where the warts had now appeared. He wondered: Had these been caused by the examination and the instrument used? Barney was also intelligent enough to realize that the reverse could be true: The

continued

Dr. Simon accepted a sighting, but found the abduction improbable

warts might be a psychosomatic symptom connected with the feelings experienced under hypnosis. And yet, Barney reasoned, they had initially appeared back in 1962, when he had no conscious memory of the events aboard the craft. Now, in 1964, during the sessions, they became inflamed.

Neither Dr. Simon nor the skin specialist appeared to be concerned about the warts, which were easily removed by electrolysis. But to Barney, the gnawing thought remained that this could be evidence—if indeed there was anything to this totally incredible story.

On April 5, 1964, the day of the next session, the Hills knew they might be permitted to hear some of the playbacks of the tapes.

DOCTOR: Well, I think now we want to talk to the two of you together a bit and see where we go from there. . . . What I'd like to do is to get this into consciousness and discuss it freely. There are two things involved. I mean each of you has had a common experience, and you have had separate experiences. I can take you each individually, and then together, or just take you two together. How do you feel about it?

BARNEY: I think that we can work together, don't you, Betty?

Betty nods in agreement.

DOCTOR: So you can get a complete sharing of this thing, and see it from each other's side. All right. Number two: I can talk about it, and give you the experiences. Or we can take a certain amount of risk in terms of your anxiety by going over all this together and playing it back.

BETTY: Play it back.

DOCTOR: There is quite a bit of it, and it's probably the better way, and I think that I would rather not discuss the realities and fantasies until you've really gotten all the material that I have, of which you are unconsciously aware, but of which you know little consciously at this point. . . . Now, if these recordings get hard to bear—and some of it isn't going to be easy to take—let me know right away, and I can always help ease you.

"When I first began hearing my voice under hypnosis," Barney said later, "I couldn't believe it. It was difficult for me to really understand that this was me, saying that this has actually happened. . . . I wasn't too concerned about the first part of the tapes—coming down through Canada and upper New Hampshire. I remembered practically all this detail in my consciousness. But as the tapes moved along toward Indian Head, I didn't know what was going to happen. I could feel my ulcer. I mean I could feel my stomach churning, my muscles tighten. I just didn't know what to expect. . . ."

Betty's reaction was similar: "I began to get scared. I said to myself, 'Oh, good Lord—I'd just as soon go home and not hear them!' "

Slowly, the tape approached the portion involving the "abduction" at Indian Head. "I knew I was getting to the point of which I had no complete memory," Barney continues, in describing his reaction at a later date. "Then, I was suddenly startled. . . . I heard myself saying that the eyes seemed to be burning into my senses like an indelible imprint. And I began to feel the pieces unfolding. I was beginning to remember. . . . I suddenly realized how I had broken my binocular straps [by pulling them from his neck violently after seeing the figures aboard the UFO]. And I remembered that for days after Indian Head, I had an intense soreness in the back of my neck. Listening to the tapes, this came back to me sharply. . . . As the tapes went deeper and deeper into the part I had never remembered, there was the feeling as if heavy chains were lifted off my shoulders. I felt that I need no longer suffer the anxieties of wondering what happened. . . .

"At the part of the tapes where my voice said that I was just 'floating about,' I then knew that I wasn't really floating about. I was being half-dragged to the ship. I could actually feel being suspended with the arms holding me. And what was so curious is that I could feel the pressure of the arms. When I talk about this, I feel chills about the whole thing, the pressure of the arms, of these small men holding me and dragging me along. . . . I knew, I felt, I was almost sure as I listened to the tapes that this was no fantasy or dream. . . ."

Barney continued to sum up his overall reaction: "I felt so overwhelmed and relieved. Now, parts of my life that had been missing were added to it again. Parts of my life were being put back together."

The playback of the recordings stimulated release into their conscious minds further details, some of which had not been expressed during the hypnotic sessions. This release of new material is a product of the "working through" process in psychotherapy, either with or without hypnosis.

BARNEY FOUND himself remembering that "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth before, and I drew the picture without including the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish, almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or headgear for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils.

"When I was in the corridor, I was surprised that the leader didn't follow me into the room. But again—the eyes seemed to follow me. . . . Wherever he was, he was still able to convey messages to me, such as recognizing when I would become more fearful or needed calming down. . . .

"I only got a very brief glance at the room, through the door. The room was pie-shaped, but as if the point of the pie had been cut off. . . .

"The main thing I was impressed by was the table that I was to lie on, because it was so much shorter than anything that would ordinarily hold a human being. So that when I got on the table, my legs dangled over the end."

Inconsistencies and paradoxes were reexamined as the playback sessions continued over the next several weeks.

The Hills retraced the route of the journey with Walter Webb, filling in further details, and were convinced that they had found the exact spot of the roadblock on a side road two or three miles east of Route 3.

The final session in which hypnosis was employed seemed to sum up the dilemma that had carried through the entire six months. Was the experience dream or reality?

In a sense, among the principals, there were three points of view. Dr. Simon felt he could accept the probability that the Hills had had an experience with an unusual aerial phenomenon, a sighting that stimulated an intense emotional reaction. He felt that the "abduction" itself was improbable. Betty felt that the hypnosis had demonstrated marked evidence that her dreams were a reflection and remembrance of reality. Barney vacillated between these points of view, although his ultimate conclusion was that he could not distinguish between other known reality and the sequence of events that finally came out under hypnosis. In other words, once the amnesia was overcome, he could sense no difference between what he remembered consciously and what he recalled revealed under hypnosis: The entire journey had been a complete, uninterrupted continuum, including the "abduction" sequence.

Everyone recognized by June that there would be no full conclusion either to the therapy

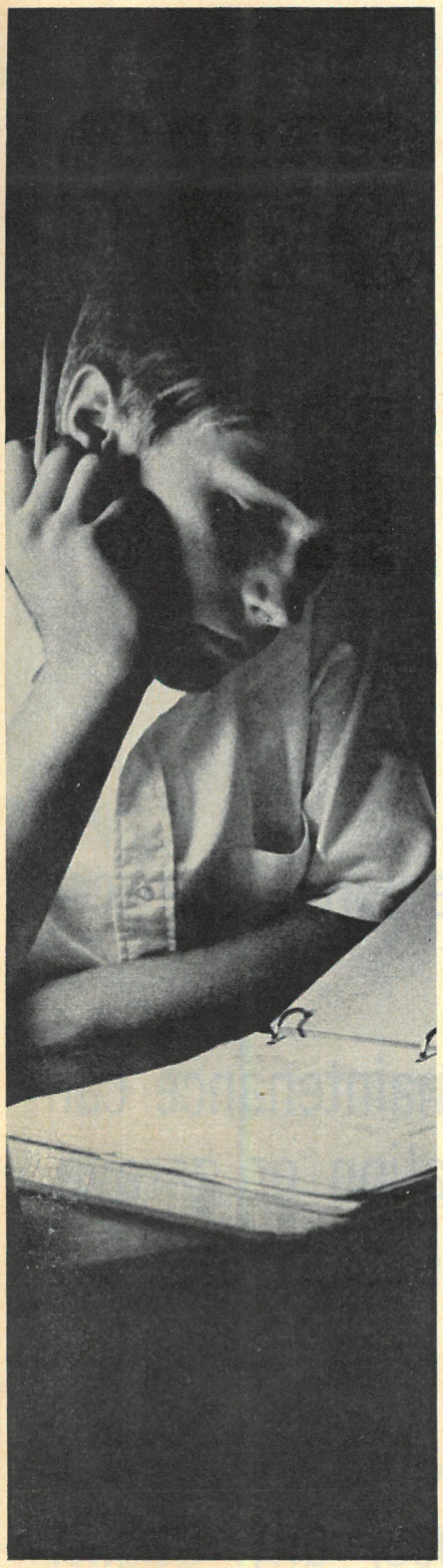
continued

LOOK 10-18-66

WILLIAM HAMILTON

"Oh, come now, Fred. If there were 686 million people in China, I would have heard something about it!"

The unsolved mystery: the almost identical stories under hypnosis



or the incident that played so big a part in it. Both the doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Hill regretted that it would be impractical to continue into deeper therapy over the long period of time that would be necessary.

As the sessions drew to a close, the question of illusion or reality dominated the discussions. The doctor pointed out that he was not going to say it was either; that he and the Hills together would both have to continue to reason for the truth, but that ultimately, the acceptance or non-acceptance of the occurrence would have to rest with them.

From the long and intensive exploration of the case, however, certain nearly irrefutable points emerge:

1. A sighting of some sort took place.

2. The object sighted appeared to have been a craft.

3. The sighting caused a severe emotional reaction.

4. The anxiety and apprehension engendered by Barney Hill's racial sensitivity served to intensify the emotional response to the sighting.

5. The Hills had no ulterior motives to create such a story. They had confined their experience to a small group of people for four years.

6. The case was investigated by several technical and scientific persons who support the possibility of the reality of the experience.

7. There is a measurable amount of direct physical circumstantial evidence to support the validity of the experience.

8. Under hypnosis by a qualified psychiatrist, both the Hills told almost identical stories of what had taken place during the period of amnesia.

There are no final answers.

Barney and Betty Hill are not crusading to convert nonbelievers or skeptics into the acceptance of the phenomenon, although they are hopeful that some new evidence might come to light to clarify without question the strange circumstances of their experience. They are content now to let whatever facts that have come out of their story speak for themselves.

But as Tennyson has said: "Maybe wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth."

END

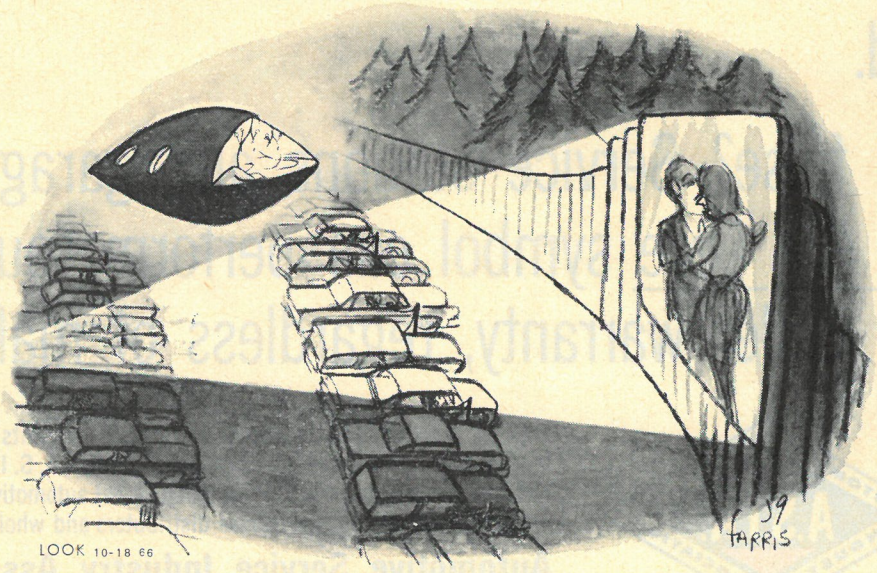
WILL HE HAVE ENOUGH EDUCATION?

Not if he quits now. It's up to you to make sure he doesn't.

While once an education was a luxury, today it's a necessity – a necessity if our youngsters are to keep pace with the machines, many of which already have the equivalent of a high school education.

Education is the right of every young American. And it is the responsibility of every adult American to assure that our young people get all the education they can absorb. Do your part to support President Johnson's Stay-In-School Campaign.

YOUTH OPPORTUNITY
STAY IN SCHOOL



"You're right. We have seen this one."

Music... fun

or frustration?

We constantly receive letters from parents who feel, as I do, that music is a vital part of every child's education. Most of them face the age-old problem—getting their youngsters to practice. With a Thomas Organ in the home, youngsters need little urging to practice—it's fun from the start. Thomas' invention, Color-Glo, adds to the fun and ease of learning. This remarkable innovation lights the organ keyboard, to show the right notes, even the correct chords to play. You can duplicate the sounds of any instrument—all on the Thomas Organ. It's possible to achieve a really professional sound on this truly professional instrument—and without long years of study. What a wonderful way to introduce youngsters—and the whole family to the beautiful world of music! Everyone, from toddlers to grandparents can play and enjoy their favorite songs. A Thomas Organ will bring a lifetime of pleasure to the entire family. The cost is as little as $15 a month after normal down payment. The Thomas Organ people have made a record demonstrating some of the thousands of novel, beautiful and exciting musical effects that are possible on this wonderful instrument. May we send you a copy?

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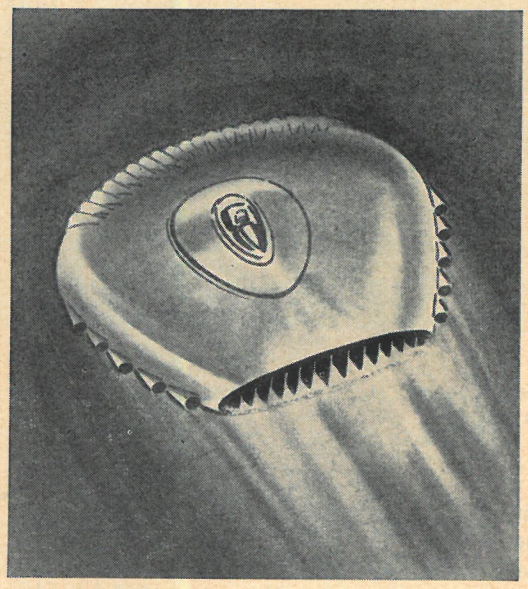
DRAWING SHOWS HOW A 40-FOOT FLYING SAUCER WOULD LIFT FROM AN AIRPORT WITH ALL ITS JETS OPERATING IN VERTICAL TAKE-OFF OR IN LANDING.



"PROJECT Y," Frost's semisaucer, was a disk-shaped craft producing jet blast out the rear only.

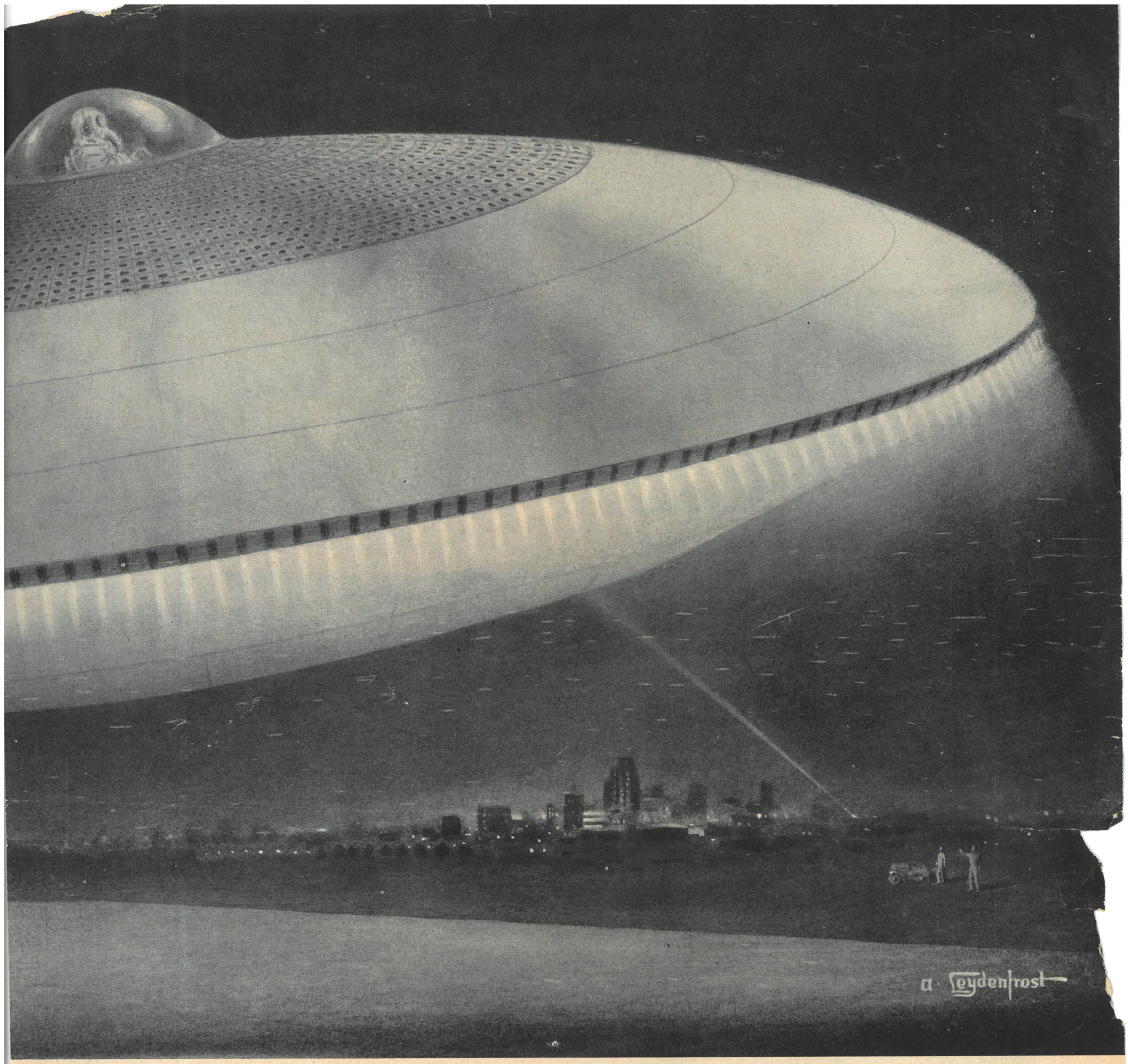
FLYING SAUCER BOUNCES OFF

The U.S. is seriously considering building a flying saucer. It would, if its designers' expectations are fulfilled, take off vertically, have a speed of 1,800 mph and combat radius of 1,500 miles. It could hover in mid-air and go sideways or backward. It would have a pilot. It would probably look much like the one shown in the drawing above. It is still, however, in a highly experimental stage and some aerodynamics experts doubt strongly that it is possible today to build any saucer which will have great advantages over more conventional planes now on the drafting boards.

The flying saucer into which the Air Force is expected to soon sink a wad of money was designed by a shy, 35-year-old English-born engineer named John C. M. Frost, whose passionate hobby is raising flowers. It is the outgrowth of a saucerlike craft called "Project Y" which Frost designed for his employers, A. V. Roe Canada Ltd.

The principle of Frost's flying saucer is based on the 1930s' jet-outlet experiments of a Frenchman named Henri Coanda and is expected to work like this: jets of gas are propelled down and out from vents in the edge of the saucer, pulling air down over the saucer's top and diminishing the air pressure on the top surface. When this pressure is sufficiently less than that on the saucer's under surface, the saucer rises. (This difference in pressure is what gives any airplane wing its lift.)

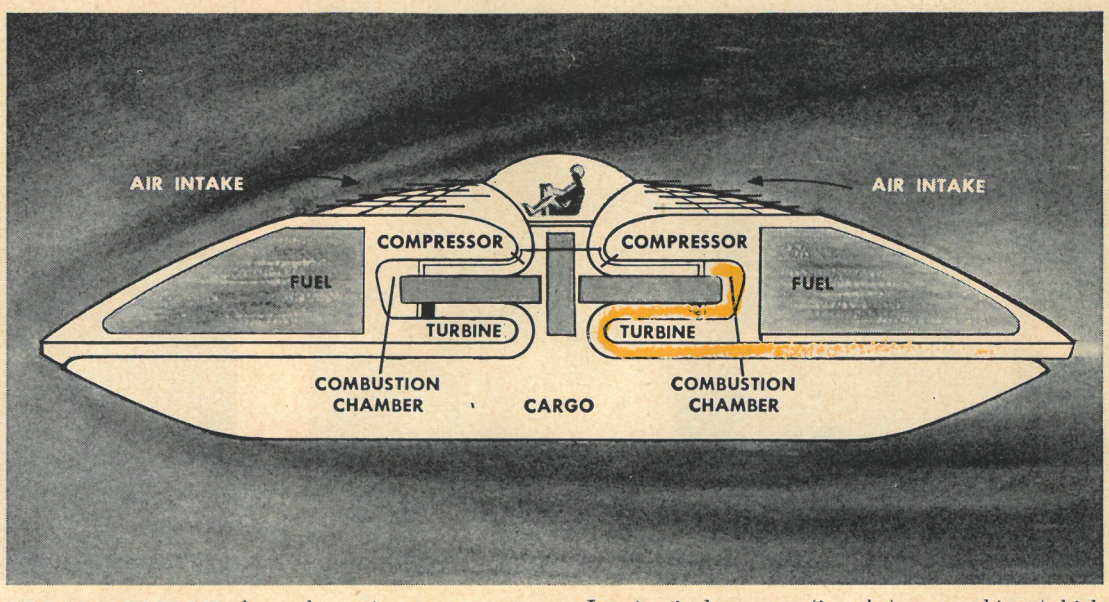
LIFE 1954 (Spring)



AIR FOR JETS COMES IN ENGINE THROUGH GRILLED INTAKES AROUND COCKPIT. OTHER SAUCERS IN HORIZONTAL FLIGHT HAVE ONLY REAR JETS WORKING

DESIGN BOARD

According to theory, the pilot—sitting in the center of the saucer atop the engine—will let go all 180 jet streams. Slowly the craft will rise. To level off, he cuts down power. By adjusting rear blasts to go out instead of down and then shutting all but rear ports he goes forward, the jets propelling the craft as in a conventional plane. As the pilot changes direction—shutting off ports on left to go left, or those in "back" to reverse—his cockpit will automatically revolve so he is always facing forward. He can, if he wishes, almost stop in mid-air, tilt it and have a look below. Even while the U.S. prepared for the saucer age, the Air Force received pictures of flying saucers, presumably Soviet, flying over Scandinavia.



CROSS SECTION shows how air enters compressor, mixes with fuel in combustion chamber. Leaving it, hot gases (*in color*) run turbine (which turns compressor), go through jets to propel craft.